

WHAT WOULD FRANKLIN SAY?

Little Book He Tried to Suppress Brings \$5,000 at Auction—Only Two Copies Known.

When Benjamin Franklin came to London from Philadelphia in 1724, according to a writer in the Daily Telegraph, he found work as a compositor in a printing office.

While setting up Wollaston's "Religion of Nature" he felt a revolt against some of the arguments, and thereupon wrote his own "Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain." Moreover, having written it, he printed it himself. He was then nineteen years of age.

In after years Franklin regretted his precocious efforts, and suppressed or destroyed most of the 100 copies of the tract. He did this so thoroughly that only two survivors are known, and one of these came up in the Huth sale at Sotheby's, held recently.

About 1850 the late Mr. Henry Stevens, the well-known bookseller, bought this copy for 50 cents. He offered it to the British Museum for \$5. It was refused. He then tried two clients, Mr. Brown and Mr. James Lenox, at \$25. Nothing done.

Throwing it into auction at Puttick's (with a lengthy description) he was rewarded with a bid of \$100. Mr. Hotten beating the belated British Museum at that price.

In the Hotten sale, 1872, the British Museum lost it again at \$22.10s. and it eventually joined the Huth library.

At the auction referred to the son and namesake of the late Mr. Stevens was ready. Remembering the price his father had originally given, he promptly called, "Half a crown," and Mr. Hodge, the auctioneer, courteously accepted it, knowing the motive behind the call. The next bid was the real start, \$230 coming from Mr. Quaritch's representative. On went the duel between him and Mr. Stevens. With a big effort the former reached \$1,000.

"Now Mr. Stevens, guinea?" said Mr. Hodge.

"No, 2s," replied Mr. Stevens, and at the enormous sum of £1,005 the more than sibylline survivor was his, although Mr. Hodge playfully suggested to his rival, "Must beat him by his family half crown!"

Mr. Stevens was especially pleased with his victory, because, as he pointed out, the only other copy of the Franklin relic known as sold by him in the Stevens-Franklin collection to the government of the United States in 1831.

"Konx Ompeax,"

Thomas Jefferson, the humorist, once proved beyond doubt that an old fragment of classic jargon still preserved a certain magical power to waken the savage breast.

One day, as he walked near Covent Garden, an Irish laborer fancied Hogg had pushed him, and turned upon the young Oxonian, who was alone, with angry abuse. A number of bystanders quickly gathered to see what promised to be a row.

Hogg turned upon the Irishman. "I have put my hand in the hamper," he began, with calm severity; "I have looked upon the sacred barley; I have eaten out of the drum; I have drunk, and was well pleased; I have said Konx ompeax, and it is finished!"

"Have you, sir?" said the Irishman, thoroughly mystified and appeased.

A woman in the crowd said, "Now, Pat, what have you had?" Others called out, "What is it Paddy has had?" Hogg turned solemnly away, and left the bewildered Irishman to get out of his scrape as best he could.

—Youth's Companion.

Way of the World.

Two little girls were playing "house" with their dolls and having a lovely time. A little seven-year-old boy watched their play laughingly for awhile and then said: "Ain't you kids got no use for a father?"

ATE ONLY RAW EGGS UNTIL MR. REMEDY RESTORED HER STOMACH

S. D. Martin and Friend Are Both Saved by Using Wonderful Treatment.

S. D. Martin, of Elkton, O., suffered with difficulties in his digestive tract. He lost weight and his appetite was bad.

He took one dose of May's Wonderful Stomach Remedy and was swiftly restored—with one dose. Seven months later he sent an order for more, saying:

"Since taking your sample I have not been bothered any to speak of with my stomach. Before I had bad headaches and dizzy, weak spells, of which I am almost free. I have gained fifteen pounds since taking the one dose. It is not that I used the medicine now that I am sending. I am simply going to take it as a preventive. My wife induced a lady friend to try it. She has been eating only a raw egg or cracker or two, and often could not keep them down. This lady used your remedy and it has almost cured her."



Elisabeth Robert Raycroft.

The Boy Preacher who is assisting in the revival services now in progress at the United Brethren church, El Joseph has preached or spoken in public over 370 times each year for thirteen years—an average of over one sermon or public address for each day for the past 13 years and usually preaches three times on Sunday and sometimes five or six times! Neither he, nor his younger brother and sister, Paul and Grace, who travel with him and sing and help as personal workers in the meetings—have ever lost an hour's sleep or meal in their life through pain or sickness, and have never taken any medicine, and do not know the taste of any kind of drug or medicine, although they have been out in all kinds of weather, nights as well as days, "cold or hot, rain or shine!"

He is without doubt, the greatest evangelist of his age in the world—past or present, of which there is any record.

Changing Customs.

A writer in the Washington Post tells of an old lady who remembered dining at the White House with Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams. Mrs. Adams ate with his fork, and Mrs. Adams apologized for it, saying that she had acquired the habit during his sojourn in France. Mrs. Adams and the other guests used their knives.

All this is a comment on changing manners. But it should be noted that Mr. Adams ate with a four-tined silver fork, while the other guests had only two-tined forks, which then were the common kind. Without the development of the four-tined fork, the habit of eating with one's knife would not have been so rapidly discarded. As between a four-tined fork and a knife, the fork is to be chosen for convenience's sake, but as between a two-tined fork and a knife on many occasions the latter would be actually the more serviceable.

Nature Faker.

"How's this?" demanded the judge. "You have your husband arrested for assault, and yet you refuse to testify against him?"

"Well, your honor," replied Mrs. McCarty, whose heart had softened, "I ain't sure 'twas him done it."

"But you stated positively he punched you in the eye?"

"Thurs for ye. Some one did punch me in 't' eye, but I ain't sure who, fur me back was turned at the time."

Many There Who Could Do It.

"It is said that the devil never takes a vacation." Well, if he doesn't, it isn't because he can't find anybody to turn the place in his absence.—Judge.

Leper Asylums.

Twenty-seven asylums for lepers are maintained by foreign mission boards of the United States.

Public Health.

John Burns, member of parliament, in a recent address asserted that it was to English speaking peoples that the world's indebted for the great codes that have been originated for the care of the public health. He said that these peoples are the colonizers of the world; they are modern Romans, whose strength lies in their limbs not in their swords, and this is due to their noble motherhood. "Healthy parents," says Mr. Burns, "happy children. For this the parents must be cleanly wed, children nobly bred, wisely fed, and firmly led." He advocated plain living, gave statistics to show that high wages did not lessen mortality among children, and that in English farm laborers the death rate was much smaller than in other pursuits though wages were very low.

Revised by a Parvenu.

Children run in where climb fear to tread.—Judge.

Mark Twain in Sarcastic Mood.

"Even the cleverest and most perfect circumstances in the world are likely to be at fault, after all, and there fore ought to be received with great caution," said the late Mark Twain.

"Take the case of any pencil sharpened by any woman. If you have wit, you will see she did it with a knife, but if you simply take the peep of the pencil, you will say she did it with her teeth."

Object of His Visit.

"Did Sir Alfred Murgatroyd come over here on business?" "Oh, no! It's only a pleasure trip. I've over here to swear at the country."—Puck.

Stickney Gasoline Engines ARE THE BEST

Cheap Engines

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THE FEED MEN

OLD HEROES CHARM NO MORE

Deerfoot, Thaddeus of Warsaw and Others Seem to Be Forgotten by the Youth of Today.

A group of American schoolboys visiting England were taken to Rugby by to gather impressions. The English masters, fearful that the boys, instead of using their eyes, would carry away just the impression of course, left by reading "Tom Brown's School Days"—made eager inquiries, which brought to light the fact that not one of the hundred boys had ever read the schoolboy classic. Nor was that the worst. Few of the English boys attending the school had read the book, either. A recent investigation in an American city revealed the astounding fact that the charm of Deerfoot and other rugged western types begins to pall on Young America decidedly early.

It would scarcely surprise one to hear that Deerfoot no longer casts his potent spell, that Thaddeus of Warsaw is unknown, that the brisk and self-reliant heroes of Alger, Optic and Henty are no longer brisk enough, and that "Tom Sawyer" himself is out of date. What do the youngsters read nowadays? Have they become addicted to treatises on population, exposures of graft, articles on scientific management, arguments for the suffrage and proposals to let the people rule? It may be that the cradles and the nurseries of the present are sheltering brains so eager and active that the best thing we growups can do is to relate to ourselves promptly to the shelf.

Easily Found a Loop Hole.

Once More Corporation Lawyer Made Himself Entitled to Admiration of Mankind.

They were swapping tariff yarns. "You know Simpson's Spring water—that Canadian water," a drummer said.

"Sure, sure, Mike," they chorused. "Well, just before the Dingley tariff bill passed, a bunch of Boston boys bought the Simpson's Spring. They thought to get rich by importing the water under the new tariff law."

"But Dingley, bless his heart—Dingley put a duty of 25 cents a gallon on spring water and the Boston boys were in a pretty fix."

"What did they do? What did they do, eh?"

"Why, they sought out a corporation lawyer, of course, 'as you or I'd have done.'"

"Lawyer," they said, "we want to break the law."

"The corporation lawyer thought hard. Then he winked."

"Freeze your water," he said. "Import it in casks and bottle it on this side of the border. There ain't no duty on ice."

"Aren't these corporation lawyers wonders? The scheme worked and it's still working. Simpson's Spring water drunk all over the United States and on every gallon of it, thanks to that corporation lawyer, the government is robbed of 25 cents."

Difference Between Rib and Bar.

Mr. James Stuart, a former lord rector of St. Andrew's university, has in one of his books the following illustrations of word values. On one occasion Mr. Stuart chanced to be assisted in some engineering work at Cambridge by a native of Piffshire. In the words of the narrative, "he (the worker) lodged with an employee of the Pitt Press, but one day, to my surprise, he changed his lodgings."

"I asked him what was the reason for the change. 'There's a kind of a fuss about it up between me and the man,' said he. 'How's that, James?' 'Well,' he said, 'they use very curious words here. 'What kind of words?' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'they call ribs of a grate bars.' 'But that had that to do with it?' said I. 'Oh, said he, 'it just came about this way. I was sittin' to wit a bit chisel in my hands afore the fire, and I wanted to soften it, and said to the wife, 'Will ye just let me slap this in your ribs' and with that she gave a skirl, and in comes the man, and there's been a cauldness between him and me sin' ayne."

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THE FEED MEN

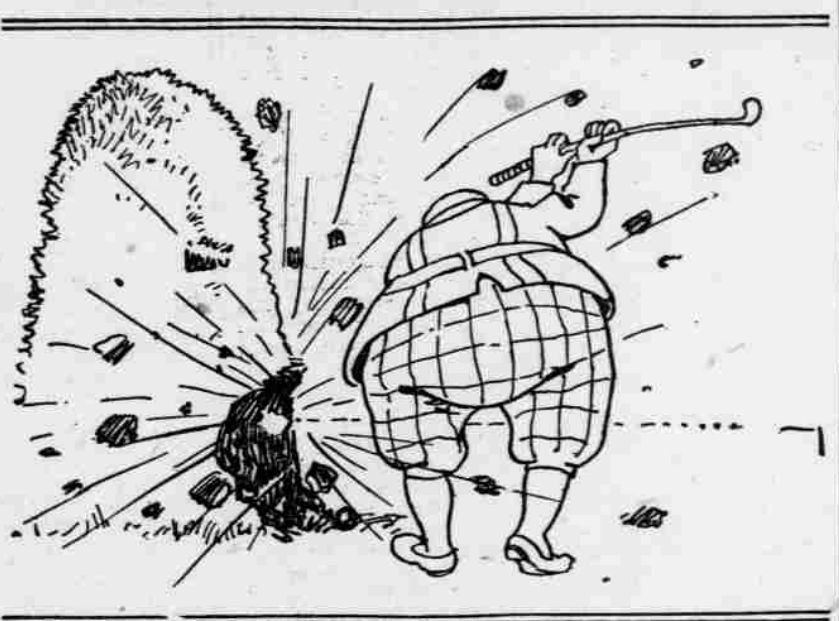
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"Bunkered!"



When a golf player is "BUNKERED" he is "UP AGAINST IT" and "IN BAD," to use the slang of the day.

Local merchants are "BUNKERED" when you fail to patronize them and send your money out of town to mail order houses.

The town itself is "BUNKERED" when it does not hustle for new industries and support a live Board of Trade.

Don't Be Bunkered!

Couldn't Afford to Laugh.

Hickory Wood, the pantomime writer, used to tell an amusing story of a theatrical manager who once shared his box at a provincial pantomime. When the principal comedian entered and did his best, the manager, with a scowl on his brow, leant over to Mr. Wood, and remarked: "I want to engage that man for next Christmas in my production."

"Do you think he is funny?" Mr. Wood asked.

"Screamingly funny," returned the manager.

"Then why don't you laugh?" asked Mr. Wood.

"Laugh, when he's got his eyes on me?" replied the manager. "And every smile means that he'll ask another five a week."

Oldtime Bearded Women.

A bearded woman was taken by the Russians at the battle of Putulwa. She was such a curiosity that she was given to Czar Peter I. Her beard measured 1 1/2 yards. Margaret of Savoy, daughter of Maximilian I, emperor of Germany, and governor of the Netherlands 1507 to 1530, had a very long, stiff beard. In Bavaria at the time of Wolflus there lived a woman with a great long beard. Mile. Bois de Chene, born at Geneva, it was said, in 1834, was exhibited in London when she was eighteen years old. She had a profuse head of hair and strong black beard.

Find the Harbor of Pompeii.

The ancient harbor of the buried city of Pompeii, which was filled with lava when the great eruption of Vesuvius destroyed the city, has been discovered by the sculptor Cozza. It is expected that many interesting objects will be laid bare during the excavation, as it is recalled that at the time of the eruption a large number of the inhabitants fled toward the harbor, carrying valuable jewelry and money with them, but their escape was cut off by the rush of lava and they perished there, the Roman fleet under Pliny being unable to give them any assistance.

The harbor is 2,225 feet beyond Marine Gate and 4,860 feet from the present shore line. Twenty-four feet of lava, and ash cover the site. Cozza has uncovered a portion of a deeply rutted paved road leading from the harbor to the harbor and portions of stone landing stages and quays as well as a breakwater.

Decidedly Curt.

A Sydney Bulletin man claims to have discovered the briefest correspondence on record, fixing up an engagement. His letter to her ran:

Dear Doll,
May one? DICK.
Her reply to him was in the same frugal spirit:

Dear Dick,
May one. DOLL.
The sub-editor recollects even shorter correspondence. He wrote his girl:

Dear Flo,
? BILL.
She wrote:
Dear Bill,
? FLO.

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FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION

After This, Novelists Need Not Be Accused of Unduly Stretching Their Imagination.

Novelists accused of overworking the long arm of coincidence might keep for reference the following strange piece of fact. The bark Nomia was posted as missing on December 17 last. She sailed from Newcastle with a cargo of coal for Chile on July 16, and sank in midocean when six days out. At least, so it appears from the only scrap of evidence available—a small, ragged bit of paper torn from a German log book, on which was written, "Monday, 16, 7, 1912—Nomia is sinking fast by hurricane in 42° 150 E. Gott save us all and everybody!" This message, inclosed in a bottle, was picked up recently on the beach between Mangonui Bluff and Scotts Point, New Zealand. But was the manuscript genuine? Here the extensive limb above mentioned got in its good work. The message was given to German Consul Carl Seegner of Auckland, who had known a Captain Nimme, formerly of the bark Germania. The Nomia's skipper was also named Nimme. Searching among his papers, Consul Seegner unearthed a letter written by the Germania's Nimme, and on comparing the letter with the message from the sea he found the writings identical. There was evidence enough that the Germania's Nimme was also the Nomia's Nimme, and that the message wasn't a fake. Seeing that Consul Seegner was the only man in New Zealand—perhaps in Australasia—likely to be able to settle the question, the arm which plotted that wandering bottle right to his door had, as before mentioned, a useful hand at the end of it.

Forest Products Carried Between States Are Hereafter to Be Rigorously Inspected.

No more Christmas trees or Christmas greens or forest products, such as logs, tan bark, poles, shavings, vines and cuttings, will be allowed to move interstate without inspection from any point in the areas defined by the department of agriculture as infested by the brown-tail moth or the gypsy moth, says the Country Gentleman.

Secretary Houston in a recent quarantined to this effect, defines certain towns in Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut and all the territory between them and the Atlantic ocean as infested by the brown-tail moth. Similar definitions as to the areas infested by the gypsy moth embrace Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Every interstate shipment of such plants, shrubs or forest products must be accompanied by a certificate signed by the names and addresses of the signer and consignee, together with a certificate showing that the contents have been duly inspected and found free from moth infestation. This order became effective August 1, 1913, and has been issued by the secretary under authority conferred by the plant quarantine act, approved August 29, 1912.

Mourning for the Dean.

In the press of expanding press telegrams under a wonderful transformation. Some years ago the first three horses in the Lincoln handicap were Ob, Dean Swift and Roseate Dawn. A press agency in London wired the result to an Australian paper, as follows: "Lincoln Ob Dean Swift Roseate Dawn."

The sub-editor, who was in charge, had never heard of the Lincoln handicap, and for some time puzzled vainly over the mysterious message. Finally he came to the conclusion that "Ob" must stand for obit, the Latin word expressing a death notice.

He accordingly turned out the following paragraph, which duly appeared in print: "We deeply regret to announce the death at Lincoln of the celebrated Dean Swift, the author of that favorite hymn, 'The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn.'—Chambers' Journal of Early Dawn."

Yuan Shih-K'ai's Sons.

The three sons of Yuan Shih-k'ai, "the strong man of China," have been for some time in Paris, whence they will go to London for a stay of five years. They are, it is said, more up-to-date than any Celestials who have appeared in Europe, and the eldest, Yuan Ke-tsun, is a choice copy in dress of the true Parisian, and except for a full-face view, no one would take this slim built, elegant youth for a Chinese. He wore a smartly tailored suit of light gray cashmere, in a sober check pattern, and about his tan shoes, with their broad bows, were to be seen some vividly purple socks. A fawn scarf was round his stand-up collar, and he wore a little silver watch on his wrist. One of his brothers, Yuan Ke Huan, is like himself, fifteen years old, and the other, Yuan Ke Chi, is thirteen. All of them speak English.

Famous Rhode Island.

It was a geography lesson, and the teacher had been asking what some of the different states were named for. Looking at one of the little girls, she asked:

"Tell me, Florence, what Rhode Island is celebrated for?"

"For a moment the child was silent, then an inspiration apparently came to her.

"Rhode Island," repeated the little girl, "is celebrated for being the one of the United States that is the smallest."—Harpers Magazine.

Wonderful "Water Vine."

One of the wonders of the Guatemala jungle is the "water vine," a black, snakelike, leafless stem, dropping from the ceiling and making no trees to which it has climbed. It is said to contain a quart of water to every foot. When the stem is cut the water spurts forth in a refreshing stream. Moisture is drawn up from the soil, and filtered through the pores of the plant.

Toward the Right.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail and not drift nor lie at anchor.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In Boston.

"Look here, waiter," began the chronic grumbler, "there's no meat in this sandwich!" "Then why do you call it a sandwich?" replied the learned waiter. "I am surprised that a gentleman of your erudition should commit such a solecism in rhetoric."

"GLORIOUS" RIOTS IN DUBLIN

London Newspaper Thus Describes Popular Ebulitions in Ireland's Ancient Capital.

One of the jolliest Dublin riots of recent years celebrated the relief of Lady Smith. Dublin was pro-Boer, but Trinity college was on the side of the government. From their stronghold on College Green the Trinity "boys" descended in their fury upon the town. It was a glorious half hour. Dublin was spilling for a fight. But the arrival upon the scene of the royal Irish constabulary brought about a change in the disposition of forces. The contending armies joined in a vigorous and effective onslaught, against the common enemy. For every Irishman—whether he labels himself Unionist or Nationalist—is at heart a rebel.

There was a Dublin riot which broke out on the mere rumor of a scheme for the union of Ireland with England. The mob on December 2, 1759, descended upon the houses of parliament and testified to their scorn of politicians by seating upon the throne a decrepit old woman, in whose mouth they placed a pipe and invited her to smoke. In the house of commons they proposed to make a bonfire of the journals, but were diverted by a more enticing proposal to hang Rigby, the newly appointed master of the rolls. Off the grim revolutionaries sallied, the necessary gallows ready, to seize the lawyer, Rigby, however, had scented mischief, and had "prudently gone into the country."—London Chronicle.

TEST MAKES SURE OF DEATH

Injection of Fluorescein Will Tell Absolutely Whether Any Life Remains in Body.

A remarkable new method of testing absolutely whether a person is really dead and thus avoiding the possibility of premature burial, just announced by Doctor Leard, of Marseille, has been received with great interest by his colleagues in Paris.

Doctor Leard's system depends on the question whether the blood is still in circulation or not, and consists of a subcutaneous injection of a small quantity of fluorescein, which is quite harmless, but one of the most violent coloring matters known.

If there be the slightest motion of the blood the fluorescein, carried around the body, stains it a vivid golden yellow, while the eyes become a deep emerald green. If, on the other hand, there is no movement of the blood the coloring matter is not dispersed, and produces no effect. Half an hour is stated to be enough to make this test.

The late, while duly impressed by this neat method, are asking whether persons who are alive and undergo the dyeing process, and who later recover, will lose the golden yellow tint and the green eyes, which, as Doctor Leard describes them, "are transformed into super-emeralds, set like jewels in their sockets."

It may be added, however, that fluorescein is one of the most transitory dyes known.

NOT A FICTION OF HISTORY

Investigations Seem to Prove That Barbara Fritchie Was a Real